

Horn(El Corno Emplumado), Poetmeat, Poetry Review -- University of Tampa, Prolet Folio, The Realist, Rebel Poet, The Smith, Sparrow, Whetstone, White Dove Review, Wisconsin Poetry Journal and The Wormwood Review, among others.

To know where one is physically (starting from scratch), one must read the night sky or a compass. On locating the North Pole, the South Pole can be deduced. Speaking as an editor who reads over 2,000 submissions per issue, I can say that most poets today know their physical location(witness: the self-address envelope), but very few know their poetic location or care. Briggs' bookstore was a major influence for those poets and editors who cared enough about poetry to actually read poetry. During the past 3 decades, there have been perhaps six bookstores in the United States that could be regarded as lodestones for poets seeking location. Briggs' Books N' Things was one. Two others are in New York City. This says something about the quality of Briggs and the real quality of current U.S.A. literature.

There are early and late poems here -- the goal, as I said before, is to suggest Briggs' dimensions:

I Call on Witness, William Blake

"I see so little of Mr. Blake," said Mrs Blake.
"He is always in Paradise now."

If I am guilty, so is he.
More powerful than radar,
His vision pierced infinity.
If love of man is treason,
let it be.

He saw "all heaven in a rage,"
The Angel at the window pane,
The lesson and the lover's gain.
If love of love is treason,
let it be.

I call on witness, William Blake.
In him I see the fool in me,
Hanging from the witness tree.
If love of truth is treason,
let it be.